
JEFFERSON COUNTY.
The Heated Term—The Fourth—How
It Was Celebrated—The Picnics—Elm
CHUR. de.

Correspondence of the Louisville Democrat.
 MIDDLETOWN, Ky., July 4, 1888.
Monitor, Editor: The torrid zone
 weather for the past few days convinces
 me that nothing but a disappointment
 in love or money can keep one cool.
 Last evening, as I was retiring in a mol-

condition to my accustomed room at 12—, it was my express desire to have my morning slumber extended beyond its usual limit, but the fates were against me, for ere the peep 'n' day this morning I was aroused by the imperative tones of the *ringing* bell, followed by a rapid knocking on my door of that invincible porter, to inform me the morning train was in sight. What did I care for the morning train? But a second thought advised me I had best go and see who got letters and papers; and I did, only as a morning's respectation.

This being the "glorious Fourth" of course I could not else but feel it my duty as a free American (white descendent) to pay my best tribute to the glories of the past, and assist in adding laurels to the nation's honor, by participating in its celebration. And as this spot has more of the genuine "76" spirit than any in the land, I chose this city to spend the day, and fire my shooting crackers. So, leaving Anchorage on an old grey rig, I wended my way here along the short, but narrow route, and found the heroic city in a twinkling.

ture. The little ones were out in vast numbers, stars and stripes in hand, shouting for the picnic. The spirit of freedom and liberty was visible on all sides, as the municipal authorities had closed their iron office doors and sought to cool their raking brains in the sylvan retreats of the suburbs. Knowing this, many of the oldest *at-zens* had gathered around the time-honored custom-house doors to discuss the great events of the day. The amnesty had been read, and scattered abroad, so that the old

These were their surmises when I departed with a committee to visit this new establishment, referred to in my last, at Elm Hill. We went as simply

inspectors, but were disappointed in our local enterprise by the proprietors being absent at one of the picnics. However, we quenched our thirst by a cool and bountiful supply of Adam's ale; and, judging from its quantity and quality, there will be no difficulty in producing an elixir that will meet the spiritual wants of our fast age.

You may wish to know why there has been no change in the mail facilities at this point. From what I can learn from the contractors' report the cause is this: Since the mail has arrived at 4

The Methodist Sunday school gave a splendid picnic in Beynroth's woods, near the city, and it was one of the most agreeable ever given. Each and every one enjoyed themselves. In the forenoon and in the afternoon, the

most pleasure in witnessing the singing and declamations made by the little children, under the management of Mr. Superintendent Kenester, who seemed to be in all his glory over the manner in which the children acquitted themselves, and the children received many worthy applauses from the assembly. When dinner was announced, all the little folks were seated first at the table, which was filled with the choicest of the land. They were made to partake of nice things," while the old folks, sweet-

Leaving this joyous scene, I was obliged to retrace my steps toward a rehearsal, and found her in a grand jubilee.

the academic groves of Bellwood were filled with happy school girls, making the woods ring with their merry laughter as of yore. It was a most splendid day, and certainly none could say they ever spent such a pleasant one.

So passed the Fourth, and as I hid you are more ardent, I will also give the firewell shake to our departed friend "Rusty Cuss." We will miss him much, but my rough, witty sayings, and unassuming self will be afterward remembered. He cheered us in the "Quid uno" days, when I was

I have to return "old gray" to-night, with a headache and bad pen, I will subscribe myself, as ever,
Yours in a minute,
HARD CASE.

Exciting Scene on the Telegraph.
From the Big Sandy Herald.

Last Monday week, while the good-looking Telegraph was on her down trip, a very exciting scene transpired as the passengers were sitting down to dinner. The boat had just left Greensburg when a deputy sheriff and a large posse of men approached a man named William Craft, hailing from Louisville, and attempted to arrest him. Craft defied their intentions, and darting into his state-room, he locked the door and made defiance to the crowd. As he walked, they went in search of an officer with which to break down the

This stage of the proceedings Captain Cornhill appeared upon the scene and told the officer that while he gave them permission to capture the man if they could, he would hold them responsible for all damage to property; and that there must be nothing done to alarm the natives, of whom a very large number were on board. He gave the sheriff permission to tie up the boat if he wished, but refused to put the man ashore, as he did not wish his passage and had not conducted himself in an unbecoming manner.

For some ineffectual parleying the others went ashore, defeated in their attempt to arrest. Craft is a sporting man, is accused of running away with certain stakes deposited on a horse-race which had been run near Greensburg the Saturday previous. He says he is innocent, and says that a man named McRee, of Cucumat, is the guilty man.

her cousin's arm, when a gentleman inadvertently stepped on her long trail of pinnaceous-colored silk. An apology was made, but the cousin was not satisfied, for he muttered the word "clumsy." "I will not be clumsy in the morning," was muttered in his ear. A duel took place the next day, in which the cousin received a wound in the shoulder. The stranger obtained an indulgence of the lady, was pardoned, and a marriage is in contemplation. The cousin will have to keep his bed until that interesting ceremony is over.

28. The origin of the question in matrimonial services "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" may be traced to Saxon times, for every Saxon lady had a "mundboro," or guardian, without whose consent she could not be married. The Saxons regarded matrimony as a holy estate; death alone could part the married. A layman who was a widower, or a widow, might marry again, but the church, though it did not prevent such marriages, only toler-

and them, and at the ceremony the blessing was withheld. The "wakes" so well known in Ireland were once a religious right among the Saxons in Eng-

